

Snoop Dogg, Buss N' Rocks

Another smoke session up in this motherfucker
Blaze some shit up for me Q
Yea, wussup Dogg, this is whut I'm talkin bout
Some of that gangsta shit (Eastside)
Shuttin these niggas up (Shut em up shut em up dogg)
Westcoast nigga, Quik and Snoop Dogg (Forever)
9-9 nigga

When I wake up in the morning and I get up out my bed
I feel good, o yes I do

Cause I still can give it up for you

[Chorus:]

Cause we're all a little strong
In the Beach, where the paper's long

But as for me

I only G when I'm buss'n rocks

Dogg Pound

[repeat]

[Verse One:]

Nigga, you know you gotta have heart

I told you niggas from the start

If I'm still in it, I'm in it for life

Always stay down and keep my motha fuckin' game tight

Cause ever since Elementary, or was it Pre-school Quik?

I was a motha fuckin' fool

I had to have papers it was routine

A young nigga on a mission for them collard greens

I, shake niggas

Break Niggas

Make niggas, shank theyselves

For fuckin with my wealth (nigga)

And it'll catch on

Cause if it don't, it's on

And, cuzz, I ain't even slippin' when I'm all alone

Sittin' back loungin' in the Chronic Zone

Clown me ya gone

Surround me, it's on

Get the money you're gone

My niggas' paper so long

They call him Snoop Capone

So if you want me, get me, got me

Should have shot him

But now they call me Snoop Gotti

And that's all I LBC

Betta yet, that's all I DPGC

[Chorus (2x)]

[Verse Two:]

I'm slappin' bones

In front of my home

Choppin' game on the phone

Smokin' a zone

Big 6, big 5-3's with ya bitches

My girls in the kitchen, cookin' up some fish and

I'm blastin' at this nigga that was trippin'

O, knuckle head nigga, thought I was slippin'

But I wasn't slippin', I was on deck

I blast his ass, peck peck now his shirt's wet

Dead, gone, light's out

With no remorse, I had to take him out

I'm laughin' at this shit cause it was funny

Fuckin' with the dogg I take your life and your money

And then I dip to my spot (dip dip)

And set up shop with yo rocks (motha fucka)

And nobody gon' speak on the 8-7

Cause still, all doggs go to heaven

[Chorus (2x)]

[Verse 3:]

I'm freestylin'

C-stylin'

Snoop and Quik comin' through we fin' to take you to the island

Where the bitches and the bud come free

And everybody listen to the D-O double G

Hoes on my dick, niggas on my nuts

People be lovin' me because I drop cuts

That makes sense, it make big money

See Snoop is that nigga who don't hafta play funny

But I got yo honey, up under my wing

Cause she like the song that the bow-wow sing

I'll put her in a cling

I won't buy her a ring

But I'll put her on the hoe-stroll to make me some green

And even if she never even saw me befo'

There's just no way that she can tell me no

You know my game's unbelievable baby (uh uh, uh uh)

And it's strong enough to make your grandmama pay me

[Chorus (2x)]

West coast, gangsta shit

My nigga DJ Q

Yea

Like I told y'all

DPG for the 9-9

DPG, yea Top Dogg, fo sho'

Smoke y'all